

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1898.

No. 12

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp.
U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson.
U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett.
Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.
District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott.
Deputy Clerk—Walton D. McNair.
U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup.
Surveyor General—W. L. Distin.
Register—John W. Dudley.
Receiver—Roswell Shelly.
Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.
Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalakaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kadiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.
Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kadiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalakaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cuddehe, Circle City; —, Snook, Dyea.
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Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson.
Assistant Agent—William Hamilton.
Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

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Special Deputy—W. P. McBride.
Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.
Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. Vanslyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kadiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kadiak; J. F. Simot, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalakaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.
Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Auldin.
Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofsted, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.
Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

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NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

Get your Saws Filed opposite the Cottage Bakery, by W. J. Sully.

FATE OF THE STIKINE CHIEF

Another River Steamer Gone to See McGinty.

A PART OF THE WRECK

The following letter from Supt. Robinson is self explanatory:

JUNEAU, August 16th, 1898.
Messrs. McKinnon Whf & F. Co., Agts.,
Wrangel, Alaska.

Gentlemen:—

Capt. Johansen, Master of the S. S. "Dora," in last night from Copper river and Valdes, reports that on August 5th at 5:30 p. m. outward bound from Juneau to Copper River, Lat. 58° 38' North, Long. 140° 13' West, he passed a lot of wreckage from a river steamer, found a deckhouse floating on which was a life preserver, stenciled "Stikine Chief," a live dog, an arm chair, etc.

From the fact that the dog was not very thirsty nor hungry, he assumes that the wreck must not have occurred but a few hours previous. No signs of a boat of any description were found, though the weather was clear enabling him to see a long distance. One straw hat was found afloat near the wreckage.

It is the opinion of the officers of the Dora that this steamer was lost from an explosion rather than stress of weather as the wreck was very much splintered and broken up very fine. A little further on they passed what they thought indicated the submerged hull of the boat, the hog chain stanchions protruding a little above the water.

I understand the Stikine Chief left Wrangel late in July or early in this month bound for St. Michael's and if such is the case, this is probably her wreckage. If you know her owners, will you kindly communicate the intelligence to them.

Yours truly,

H. F. ROBINSON,
Alaska Supt.

Why Not?

While Alaska may not be the ideal abode for the idle, and every man who comes in search of gold may not find it, yet, if the thousands of people in all parts of the world, who are deprived, by force of circumstances, of the means of gaining a livelihood, and are industrious and prudent, could be transported to this so-called arctic region, the future might still have in store for them a prosperity of such brightness as they have never dreamed.

Nature here offers more, for less labor, than do corporations with their serving serfs, or desert plains with their oft repeated crop failures. Pioneers are here greeted with beauty on every hand and sustenance for the taking. Waters, teeming with fish, and forests filled with game are here waiting for the hand of man to put them to practical use in the world's economy.

Mountains that rival the Alps in beauty, and seas that would put Venice to shame. Health in the curative power of the salt sea breeze and the healing balsam of the pines. Could the mind of man devise a plan more magnificent?

And yet many, who have staked their all on the mad rush for gold, go blindly past these inviting scenes, this offered prosperity, and as if a demon had entered their souls, go wildly on, looking for nothing, caring for nothing but gold, gold, gold. Their wives perhaps left penniless; their household goods, even, mortgaged to provide funds, for the Klondike expedition which, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, proves almost, if not quite, a failure. No wonder that their faces are haggard and worn, and that they sometimes lack the courage to return with only disappointment and despair to bring back.

To these we would say, cheer up, for here is that for which you are looking—for gold can only buy what here nature offers to you freely. Go into the forest and build you a home, from the material to be found on every hand; plant and you shall gather all manner of fruit and vegetables, and then, when all is ready, send for the wife and babies and tell them that where man failed, God provided a way of escape.

A census expert figures it out that it will take about nine million dollars to count the people of these United States.

Didn't Take the Paper.

A jealous editor down south tells about a man in his neighborhood who didn't take a paper. The tale may not be a true one; we don't know.

This money saving fellow got hold of a Maine story paper and found that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take a pledge and keep it." Later on he sent 50 two-cent stamps to find out how to raise large turnips successfully. He found out. "Just take hold of the tops and pull," the legend read.

Being young he wished to marry and sent 34 one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm to learn how to make an impression; when the answer came it read: "Sit down on a pan of dough." That was a little rough, but he was a patient man and thought he would yet succeed. The next ad he answered read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and he would see his fortune increase. The next time he sent for "Twelve useful household articles," and got a package of needles. There are some a little slow to learn, so he sent a dollar to find out "How to get rich," and got a receipt. "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." That stopped him, but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without a pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid \$5 to discover how to live without work, and was told on a postal card to "fish for suckers like we do." He takes the home paper now and is happy.—Ex.

The First Time.

There are a great many new ideas and features in this war. This is the first war in which the order, "Twenty Minutes for Breakfast," was given. The first in which the death losses were nearly all on one side. The first that was prompted by feelings of humanity, and now Uncle Sam proposes to take his sick boys out of the fever stricken district about Santiago and let them recuperate at a beautiful summer resort in Long Island. The world stands surprised at our generous spirit displayed in time of war, while we are proud of our achievements and realize that we lead the procession of nations in everything that is for the advancement of humanity.—Kirwin (Kan.) Globe.

This is also the first chance the great mass of common people have had to invest their little surplus cash in government bonds, and the millions saved to the masses by this policy may well be invested in something. The republican party is to be congratulated on the success of its war and bond policy. There may be an excuse for the issuance of bonds in time of war but there can be none in time of peace.

Resigned.

Judge Jackson has sent his resignation to the department at Washington, and he will probably be relieved between this and the first day of October. The Judge contemplates a trip to Honolulu, and we doubt not there will be a good opening for men of his worth and ability on the islands. We sincerely hope, however, that Judge Jackson will yet conclude to remain in Fort Wrangel, for we can ill afford to lose men of his live, progressive nature. The Judge has made hosts of friends in Alaska, and we are glad to say he is deserving of them, and whether he goes or stays, in or out of office, the best wishes of our people are with him.

Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday. M. Manson, Superintendent.
Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.

Song service 8 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett, Elder. All are invited to these services. Seats Free.

Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

When those 24,000 Spanish prisoners are turned loose in Spain the common people will learn a few facts that have heretofore been kept from them by the muzzling of the press of that country. They will probably learn that the "Yankee pigs" are genuine scrappers of the Arkansas razorback stripe.—Ex.

The News, \$3 per year.

THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

Its Second Meeting Well Attended. The Program.

NEWS REPORT A MYSTERY.

The report of the proceedings of the Bachelors' Club as published in the News of last week, was the biggest kind of a surprise to those who attended the meeting. It was to be a secret gathering, and where did the News man get his report, was what the members asked each other. Some of the more radical were just a little put out over the unexpected exposure, but after a full discussion by the members, a few at a time, the sentiment changed in favor of the News, and now the members are regarding it in the light of a good joke on themselves and a master stroke in news gathering.

Promptly at 8 o'clock last Thursday evening, the club was called to order by President Davy, who vigorously pounded the table with an inkstand before the interested and enthusiastic members could be made to hear. Capt. Stephens was absent and William Bullock was made temporary secretary. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the roll called, which showed that there were in attendance Col. Crittenden, Marshal Grant, Judge Jackson, J. F. Collins, Eugene Haw, Donald Sinclair, Dr. Davy, S. Strouse, G. A. McCullough, Mr. Rosenblum, William Bullock and R. C. Diehl, the latter being present at the last meeting, but not reported. After a heated discussion, it was decided that the business part of the meeting should precede the program, and Mr. S. Strouse made a motion that a committee authorized to pass on applications for membership be appointed to serve one month, which was carried, and the chair appointed S. Strouse, G. A. McCullough and Donald Sinclair such committee, and reports of this committee were to have the right of way during all business meetings.

The program was then in order and Eugene Haw read a paper on "What should our constitution and by-laws contain?" The paper was quite lengthy and covered nearly every point that has ever been raised under parliamentary rules. Roberts' rules of order were discussed in part, and in many particulars approved. A set of rules, to be observed when the club gives a banquet, were also included in the document. A member who blows his nose in a napkin is liable to expulsion, or attending a banquet without having changed socks for a week, will be followed with a month's suspension. The paper was well written and well received. During its reading Mr. Diehl fell into a sound sleep and commenced to snore in regular old Indiana style, and the chair requested the doorkeeper, Mr. J. F. Collins, to use such means as were necessary to restore him to consciousness, and the preserver of order hit him a swipe on the head with a base ball club, which proved to be a very "awakening instrument."

Capt. Stephens was absent, and his paper on "What is the easiest and best method of scrubbing a floor," had to be omitted.

Col. Crittenden's name for a violin solo, occasioned long continued applause. The Col. came forward in his usual grave and dignified manner and announced the title to be "Auld Lang Syne." The Col. was in fine musical form and the rendition of that ancient and most charming melody was up to this time the "dead winner" of the evening. The Col. played thirteen verses, each one being followed with clapping of hands and stamping of feet. He was not however, permitted to take a rest at this time, for he was so vigorously encored that he responded with "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," but the latter was too mild for the club and the Col. took his seat amid a deathlike silence.

Judge Jackson was called for and he announced a vocal solo, "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," one of Emma Abbot's favorite songs, as his selection. The judge braced up, threw back his ears and shoulders and in low soft tones sang the first verse. For a moment oppressive silence prevailed, but the audience then gave the sweet singer a most deafening applause. This was apparently unexpected, in fact it flustered the Judge and when he was permitted to start in on the second verse

he got off the key. The Judge wanted to stop, but the club wouldn't have it that way and the president asked if any member present had a tuning fork. "Here is one," said S. Strouse, as he fished one out of his shoe, where it had found its way through a hole in his trousers pocket. After a half hour's good, faithful work, the Judge was got onto the key again and finished the song. A more hearty applause was never given to a singer than that which followed.

Marshal Grant's name was called for a paper on "Reversible Shirts for Bachelors." He prefaced his reading by stating that for more than five years last, he had been trying to invent a patent shirt "for men," one that could be taken off and put on without removing one's vest or suspenders and that just when he had the thing completed, he found that someone was ahead of him on the patent and that he thereby lost a fortune and feared the opportunity for gaining wealth and fame might not again present itself to him, and here the Marshal broke completely down. He reached for his handkerchief to wipe away the tears that were running down his cheeks, but he had made a mistake and put a pair of worn socks in his pocket instead of the kerchief. He wiped his face with the socks until he reached his nose—with a marvelous celerity of movement he put the socks back in his pocket, wiped his nose with his coat sleeve and proceeded to read the paper he held in his left hand. Mr. Grant's paper was a marvel of research starting with the figleaf suits that Adam and Eve wore and tracing the history of that article of wearing apparel, for both sexes, down to the present time. He had a patent shirt with him and demonstrated the good features of the same on the person of Donald Sinclair, who was reluctantly led to the side of Marshal Grant by doorkeeper Collins. The essay was heartily applauded and it was one of the best things of the evening.

This closed the literary program of the evening and the chair announced a ten minute recess which was pleasantly spent in talking over the many good features of the evening's entertainment.

When order was restored, Mr. Strouse as chairman of the committee on applications for membership, reported that the committee unanimously recommended the admission of George Clark, Capt. Gray, of the Casca, Capt. Frank Murray, Mr. Healy, Mr. Walton and J. M. Cochran. The application of Roy Cole was passed for one week, it having been reported to the committee that Roy contemplated matrimony, which if true, would bar him from membership.

The program for the next meeting was announced as follows:

Dr. Davy,.....Cornet Solo.
J. F. Collins,.....The death of Caesar.
J. D. Walton,.....Clog Dance.
M. J. Cochran,.....Mandolin Solo.

The club then adjourned to meet next Thursday night, peace and harmony prevailing.

John Bull wants the United States to keep the Philippines, which is equivalent to saying that if we want them, and decide to keep them, the other powers had better keep out of range or something is liable to drop, and drop pretty hard, too.

The News wishes to express its thanks in the most public and picturesque manner to Mr. Bernard for two flags—the stars and stripes and the Cuban. A carpenter's force of one man put up a pole on the office on Friday last and the flags were displayed that evening for the first time. Long may the flags wave and long may peace and happiness and prosperity hover over the destiny of our friend Mr. Bernard. Selah.

It is a curious instance of the irony of history that at the close of the first great naval battle between the United States and Spain in the waters of the new world there should have been left battered and stranded upon the Cuban coast a great war vessel named in honor of the discoverer whom Ferdinand and Isabella sent out to find that very island and this huge destined hemisphere. And should it prove possible, as Commodore Schley believes it is, to save the Cristobal Colon and to add her to the United States navy as a retributive namesake of the sunken Maine the coincidence would be doubly strange.—Philadelphia Record.

Mosquito dope, a sure preventative. At Wrangel Drug Co.

FORT WRANGLER NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGLER, ALASKA

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he often regrets that he has found out.

The submarine boat Holland in an emergency may be relied upon to get right down to business.

The bicycle balloon appears to be a success in London. Here's hoping it will give the scorchers a lift.

A New England gardener says he has "produced an odorless onion." Probably a little one for a scent.

The European concert may be a good musical organization, but it doesn't play successfully to American audiences.

While the battleships have been painted varying shades, it's a pleasure to note that none of them have been painted yellow.

Just at a time when base-ball nines have got so they can take the field without fighting it seems a pity for two nations to start in.

The New York Press observes that "patriotic girls are now wearing red, white and blue stockings." Is that statement made on information or belief?

Fitzhugh Lee is regarded as a Presidential possibility. He's not talked of in connection with the second place on the ticket, because it's hard to make him take a back seat.

A New York paper says that "the expectation that electricity would destroy the demand for horses has not yet been realized." Why, of course not; it is impossible to eat an electric battery.

The Thomasville (Ga.) Enterprise says that "in this campaign the One-Eyed Plowboy of Pigeon Roost has decided to tote his own skillet." We never cease to wonder at the marvelous resources of the English language.

A Boston prisoner, arrested for drunkenness, was summarily discharged when he said that he was the father of twenty-four children. And he had been gone an hour before the court remembered that the prisoner had testified that he was 50 years old.

The Buffalo News says: "The abolition of capital punishment in Ohio has been defeated by a tie vote. It was a knotty question." Not at all; you haven't been keeping up with current events. Ohio's method of legal slaughter is simply shocking, like New York's.

It is an evidence of the change which has come over the public mind in the South within the last thirty years to see Julia Ward Howe's magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which stirred so many hearts during the war of the rebellion, finding publication in the columns of the Southern press in these days.

Science triumphs as greatly in preventing waste as in discovering new supplies. An iron mill in Alabama is investing a million dollars in works for the utilization of by products that formerly were thrown away as worthless. We are finding that there is nothing so mean and base as to be altogether worthless.

"Ninety-eight per cent. of genius is hard work," says Thomas A. Edison, and he adds: "As for genius being inspired, inspiration is in most cases another word for perspiration." As the foremost example in the world of one type of genius, Mr. Edison is an authority on the subject, and his aphorism corroborates Johnson's often-quoted definition of genius, "the infinite capacity for taking pains."

It is curious to note how interest has died out in a topic which was until a few months ago almost the only one—the gold discoveries in the Klondike. Now little news is coming out of the great Northwest, and nobody seems to care. Even the destructive avalanche in Chilkoot pass barely caused comment. The Klondike has fizzled out. Perhaps it is as well that it should. The golden specter has lured more than one to his death.

Dismemberment of China stares the powers in the face. They have their hands full, to use a familiar expression. Because matters have been going along without a hostile collision does not necessarily imply that an outbreak will be avoided before the end of the game of grab. The vastness of the territory involved of itself invests the situation with the element of indefiniteness, both as to what will be satisfactory to each nation concerned, and as to what will satisfy all after the partition or occupation schemes are measurably outlined.

Joseph H. Irwin, of Allegheny City, Pa., comes to the front with the somewhat unique suggestion that the present cities of New York, Philadelphia and

Chicago be converted into separate municipal commonwealths. In support of this suggestion, Mr. Irwin observes that when our simple forefathers framed the Constitution of the United States they never dreamed that within one hundred years from that time there would spring up in this country with 3,000,000 inhabitants; also they would have made some provision for converting them into States. Before converting these cities into States, Mr. Irwin's idea is to annex to each of them enough surrounding territory to give them respectable areas.

On the walls of Paris today are official placards announcing that an inquiry is to be held concerning the proposed new reservoir at Charonne, "in accordance with a royal decree dated Aug. 23, 1835." The decree was made by Louis Philippe in the early part of his reign, and after lying in abeyance for more than three score years, is now about to be executed. Since it was made France has been a kingdom, an empire, and twice a republic, and has passed through two revolutions and a coup d'etat. Yet the old decree is honored and held to be in force by the very government that has exiled the family of the king who made it. There could scarcely be a more striking example of the permanence and the mutability of government.

The first steamship constructed for use in war was the Fulton, designed by Robert Fulton for the United States navy; and her destruction by the explosion of her magazine is brought to mind by the Maine disaster. The design included an engine to throw hot water over an enemy's deck and into the port-holes. The scheme was never brought into practical use. Accounts of the vessel crossed the ocean and grew on the way. One description, published in Scotland, said that the Fulton, "by mechanism, brandishes three hundred cutlasses with the utmost regularity over her gunwales; works also an equal number of heavy iron spikes of great length, darting them from her sides with prodigious force, and withdrawing them every quarter of a minute." All that was pure invention, of course; but it was not more incredible than would have been a truthful description of the devices for killing with which modern warships are equipped.

It seems almost like going back to ante-telegraph and ante-telephone times to read of the efforts of the government to make use of homing pigeons for conveying information in times of war. The experiments, however, that have been made prove that these birds can deliver a message from a point 200 miles out at sea to the shore some five or six hours sooner than the fleetest dispatch boat in the service could bring it. These birds are to be used on the swift packet boats that will watch the coast, and on sighting a hostile fleet details of its size and direction will be sent to the shore by these pigeons. For this purpose hundreds of these birds are kept in cages on board the vessels composing the Atlantic packet fleet. Attached to each bird is a label showing the code from which it has been taken, so that the officer can select one for carrying the message that is from the place at which he wishes it to be delivered. When a hostile fleet is sighted a message giving necessary particulars will be attached to a pigeon that will fly to the commandant of the naval station the officer desires to notify, or to several such if the fleet is a large one. When the bird arrives the orders are that the information it brings shall be at once telegraphed to the navy department, which can at once give the proper directions for meeting the approaching enemy. So much dependence has been put upon this means of transmitting information quickly that a naval homing pigeon service has been organized, which has trained the government birds to a degree of perfection as messengers that is little less than marvelous, for they have shown a rapidity of flight that is more than twice the speed of the swiftest torpedo or dispatch boat. In training the birds are flown singly for distances varying from ten to ninety miles at a time, and it has been found that the best results are obtained by using single birds, as where several are started at a time they are apt to become confused. Tests have been made for a distance of 150 miles, which the birds have covered at the rate of from thirty-six to forty-seven miles an hour. The ocean liners carry pigeons to be used in giving notice of accident or mishap. In a recent case the notice of a rescue at sea was sent by one of these birds. The pigeon did not reach the land, as it lighted on another vessel, but the message reached its destination in time to prevent much anxiety. It was to the effect that the vessel from which the bird had been sent had assisted a foreign ship, which had met with a disaster, and that it would delay its arrival at the port of destination. The bird carried its message 250 miles. No one can estimate the possible value of these messengers, which have a sense of direction as unerring upon the water as it is upon the land, coupled with a rapidity of flight and powers of endurance that astonish those familiar with them.

True friendship, like phosphorus shows up best at the darkest hour.



MANUELA'S TRANSFORMATION.

THE poet to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are occasions when "it might have been" are joyful words. Most men, upon meeting again in after years their first loves, realize this, and offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

It was so with Hurlburt. In the early days of the Pacific coast, Hurlburt was stationed at San Diego. It was a picturesque little town. Its streets were not much more than cow-paths, and its houses were mostly of the good old pattern—adobes, one story high, and built around a patio. In such a house as this lived Manuela Lopez, and in one of the cow-path streets Hurlburt first met her. It was upon a Sunday, Hurlburt had just come from inspection, and was on his way to dinner with friends in town. He still wore his regimentals, and was a very gorgeous sight indeed. He was also tall, and yellow-haired, and blue-eyed—quite the figure to strike the fancy of a pretty little Mexican girl who was coming home from mass.

She had read no books that could have told her that it was the accepted thing to do; she had probably never given such subjects a moment's thought; but when the mind of a child becomes the mind of a woman, it is at one bound, not by slow degrees. Inspiration struck full upon Manuela's brain, and she dropped her rosary. From which it may be inferred that the love of the fathers and the wisdom of ages has taught woman nothing new in affairs of the heart. The impulse of the intriguante and of the child of nature are the same.

Hurlburt, of course, was close to Manuela when the rosary dropped. He returned it to her. If she had not been with a servant, he might have spoken. As it was, he observed more narrowly, what he had been observing for some moments as he approached, that she was graceful and pretty. Then he raised his helmet and passed on.

You can count upon any one but the typical Anglo-Saxon. You expect men of Latin and Slav races to make fools of themselves. But the Anglo-Saxon is such a thoroughly logical, reasonable, clear-headed person that the bottom of your universe drops out when he deviates from the path of common sense. And when he does, it is never a mere digression. He goes, a flaming comet, whirling through space, and carrying all your stellar system of plans and beliefs before him. The last thing any one would have expected of a big, quiet, rational youth, such as was Hurlburt, was that he should wax romantic over a street meeting with an immature ruse to attract his attention. Nevertheless, that same day, after luncheon, he said to his host, as they sat smoking under the ramada, "Who lives in the house on the next street, where the two mocking-bird cages hang on the wall?"

"You must be more explicit," his host said; "there are a number of houses on the next street, and one and all have mocking-birds."

"Yes," said Hurlburt; "but there is a hedge of red and white geranium in front of it."

"I saw you meet her," the civilian told him; "her name is Lopez—Manuela, I think."

Hurlburt became very red. When your plighted man grows embarrassed he is badly embarrassed. It was some time before he regained speech and came floundering out of the sea of silence. When he did, he changed the subject.

Not that he abandoned the cause. Far from it. It took him two weeks, but he got himself introduced to Senor Lopez, and had then taken to call upon him. The senior was a well-educated man, and the most hospitable of his hospitable race. He made Hurlburt free of the house at once, and showed him everything it contained, save only Manuela.

"You must come again, often," he said, as they parted. Hurlburt replied that he would, and went again in three days. Neither did he see his lady of the rosary upon this occasion. He addressed himself to Senor Lopez, who was handsome and well preserved.

"You have a daughter, have you not, senor?"

Senor Lopez understood only just so much English as she chose. She did not choose to understand this. She turned her soft eyes upon her husband, and he answered for her.

"We have a daughter," he said, "but she is very young."

Hurlburt understood that he had offended a semi-oriental prejudice.

It having thus been made obvious to him that Manuela would not be produced by her parents, he went to an early mass at the church, met her, and

introduced himself. It chanced that she was alone.

"May I walk home with you, senorita?" he said. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father."

"Yes, sir," said Manuela.

It was but a few hundred yards to her home, but he made the most of his time. Manuela answered him in monosyllables and raised her eyes but twice. Hurlburt's infatuation was complete. Senor Lopez was angry. He was very civil to the officer, but he sent the girl to her room at once.

"I met the senorita at mass," Hurlburt explained.

"Are you, then, a Catholic?" inquired the Mexican.

"No," said Hurlburt—and determined to pursue the policy that sages who know nothing of mankind tell us is invariably the best—"I went to the church on purpose to meet your daughter. I saw her on the street the other day"—he refrained in a moment of diplomacy from speaking of the dropped beads—"and I admired her very much. That is why I came to call upon you. I thought I would see her openly under her own roof. As I did not, I encountered her elsewhere. Now," said Hurlburt, leaning back in an easy pose that did not meet with the punctilious Mexican's approval, "I should like to ask you to be allowed to pay my court to your daughter."

Senor Lopez made no objection to the officer's suit, but he did object to his fashion of advancing it. He incensed himself in perversity.

"My daughter, sir, is too young."

He rose to his feet by way of suggesting that Hurlburt would do well to take his leave. Hurlburt rose, too, but not to go.

"May I ask her age, senor?"

"She is sixteen years old."

"You have told me that you married the senora when she was but fifteen."

"That was in the old times. We do not do so any more."

"But I will be willing to wait for a year, if Senorita Manuela will love me."

"Sir, we will talk no more concerning this. My daughter is too young to be married, and I do not wish to give her to an American"—which was not in the least true. Up to then it had been his plan to do so, but his obstinacy was roused.

The result was one that any one, most of all a Mexican, should have foreseen. Hurlburt embarked upon an intrigue. He sent notes to Manuela, and got them from her in return. The notes led to meetings by night. The meetings led to infatuation. Warm Southern nights and a soft-eyed, soft-voiced girl can work mischief within the mind of a man. And a tall, blonde officer saying the first words of love she has ever heard can turn the head of any woman.

The clandestine interviews continued for several months. Then Hurlburt made one last attempt at frankness. He went to Senor Lopez again, and renewed his request to be permitted to pay his daughter court. The senior had conceived an unreasonable and great dislike for him, and refused.

Whereupon Hurlburt arranged another meeting with Manuela. He began to realize that they were both running terrible risks. Senor Lopez was quite equal to killing one of them if they should be discovered. But he did not suggest that to Manuela. Instead, he asked: "Do you love me, chiquita?"

"Yes, yes. Must I tell you so always?"

"Do you love me enough to leave your home for me?"

"I do not understand." The gentle eyes looked into his, perplexed.

"Will you marry me?"

"I would, but how can I?" she said.

"My father will not consent to it."

"Do you love me enough to run away from your father, to disobey him, and go over to Mexico, across the border, with me? We can be married there, and then come back."

Hurlburt was an impassive, unemotional man, but his nerves were upon a fearful tension as he waited for the answer of an irresponsible child. She appeared to consider, and ended by agreeing. Hurlburt was beside himself with happiness.

A week later they went across the line and were married. They returned immediately, and had an interview with Senor Lopez. The Mexican was enraged. Hurlburt, having obtained what he wanted, was not inclined to be conciliatory, but Manuela and her mother patched up a peace. Manuela behaved beautifully, and Hurlburt was more enamored than ever. He took her back to his home, and for three days dreamed of a lifetime of bliss. Then Manuela decided that she had had

enough of living on honeymoons, and that she had tired of scented time. With no explanations and no reason save that she wanted to go, she went. Her father, charmed with Hurlburt's discomfiture, refused to make her return to him, and guarded her closely. Hurlburt begged for one final interview, and it was granted. He was a sorry sight, pale and haggard and self-abasement. But Manuela was unmoved. She stood meekly before him, her folded hands holding a rose, her father and mother on either side of her. She was not in the least unhappy, and no grief had marred her prettiness.

"Manuela," said Hurlburt, "have you not changed your mind? Will you not come home with me?"

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"Why not? Was I not kind to you? Did I not love you?"

"Yes, you were very kind. But I like better to be with my father."

It was useless to threaten, implore, or reason. Manuela was gently stubborn. She would never go back to him; she did not like Americans.

When Hurlburt finally went away, he decided that his heart was broken. He thought of suicide. He could never bear up under the disgrace, and it was not so great as his wretchedness. This frame of mind lasted for a year; then he became resentful; then he obtained a divorce; then he was ordered East, and it was ten years before he returned to the coast. He had with him his wife—a woman of his own people, very charming, very well suited to him in every way. She knew the story of his first marriage, and she knew that, whatever he might say to the contrary, he still regretted deep down in his heart the sweet, soft Mexican wife of his youth, of his season of dear beliefs and illusions. The knowledge was the one grief of her life. It threw a shadow of sadness over her eyes. But she kept it to herself, and for this unfeminine virtue the gods, in due time, rewarded her.

They went one day, by ambulance from Wilmington, where Hurlburt was stationed, to Los Angeles. One of their mules got lame, and they had to spend the night at a roadside ranch. A crowd of dirty Mexican children played around the adobe; several yet dirty men lounged about the door; a fat, be-shawled woman waddled across the yard; a yet more untidy one welcomed them.

Her greasy face was still rather pretty and young, but she was thick, and heavy, and stupid. When she looked full at Hurlburt, she gave a little cry that was more of a grunt.

"Come in! I will tell my husband," she said, and shuffled away with her bare feet.

Hurlburt turned to his wife gravely. "I am sorry to have brought you here," he said, "but it is all we can do, unless you prefer to sleep in the ambulance to-night. That—woman was my wife."

"So I supposed," she said. She laid her delicate hand on his arm. "Don't let it trouble you, dear. I do not mind," she smiled into his eyes, and the shadow was forever gone from her own.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Convenient Custom.

In Holland bills are often paid through the medium of the post office. It enables a man living, say, in Rotterdam, to get a small bill collected in any provincial town without the often expensive and tedious interference of a banker or agent. For that purpose he hands his bill to the nearest postoffice. It is sent to the place where the money is to be collected. After the collection a draft is forwarded to the payee by the office where he deposited the bill duly receipted on payment of a small commission, which is payable in advance.—London Evening News.

Men Haven't All the Privileges. She—There is a great deal of unfairness in this world. Women are barred out of society for things that men may do with impunity.

He—That may be true, but, on the other hand, men would be barred out of society if they did some things that women do with impunity every day.

She—I'd like to have you name just one of them.

He—Well, kissing other people's wives and daughters and sweethearts, for instance.

He Was Experienced.

"Have you a son?" asked the man who was looking at the vacant room.

"No," replied the landlady. "What made you ask that?"

"Because," he explained, "I want to find a boarding house, this time, where I may occasionally have a chance to get the tender piece of the porter-house."

The Age of Monuments.

Promoter—What shall we give the next benefit for?

Assistant—Let's announce it for a contingent fund to secure the erection of a monument to the next citizen whom the public think merits monumental distinction.—Philadelphia North American.

Lucky in Both.

She—You're lucky at cards?

He—Very.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love?"

"I don't believe it. I've been refused three times."—Yonkers Statesman.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

MOVING BIG BRIDGE PIER.

Marvelous Engineering Scheme Successfully Carried Out.

It was recently stated that the Northern Pacific Railroad would move into place one of the piers under Missouri River bridge at Bismarck, N. D., which had slipped from its position. The pier in question stands on the east bank of the Missouri River, supporting the end of a stone span 113 feet long, and of one of the three 400-foot trusses which bridge the icy stream. From the water's edge the bank rises steeply to a height of 250 feet, and the reservoirs of the Bismarck waterworks



THE PIER.

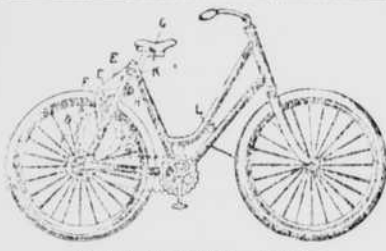
are crowned the eminence. The leakage from these has saturated the entire slope, causing it to slip down, just as all have seen mudslides do, and throwing against the pier on the river's edge so tremendous a pressure as to force it nearly four feet toward the river, though its base is 47 feet below the ground.

The plan adopted was to remove the earth around the pier, to build a new and stable foundation at a greater depth, and to move the pier into position upon this new base. In all, 10 tunnels will be driven, removing all the material below the old masonry and from the earth, which formerly supported it, gradually shifting the weight of the pier to 40 steel rails, resting upon 900 steel rollers, which in turn bear upon the 40 rails of the lower tier imbedded in the new concrete. This has now assumed the form of a monolith, and bears the entire weight of all above it, rails, rollers, pier and bridge. On the river side this great block of artificial stone is flush with the face of the pier, but on the land side it extends like a shelf eight feet in width. To roll the pier across this shelf to its proper place will require a pull equal to nearly 1,500,000 pounds, which will be applied through 10 large screws.

NEW CHAINLESS WHEEL.

Invention of a T. Louisan 'Tis Said Will Go a Mile a Minute.

The chainless wheel invented by M. McGowan, of St. Louis, works as follows, according to his specifications: The wheel B meshes directly with pinion A on rear ground wheel; L indicates a foot rest; lever E is pivoted in a support F, and carries on its opposite end a saddle. The spring H holds the lever E in its proper position and serves the lever in its downward movement. K indicates a screw which is to



BUILT FOR HIGH SPEED.

be turned to retain lever E in its position when not using the seat movement, so that the wheel can be propelled by pedaling. The rider relieves the saddle of his weight by placing his feet upon the foot rest. When using the lever movement and raising his body the spring H assists the lever to return to its position, so that the wheel may be driven by the weight of the rider's body.

Mr. McGowan is quite sure that his machine can be ridden a mile a minute with ease by a fairly good rider. A small-sized working model has been made.

Where Little Things Count.

Bookkeeping has been reduced to such an exact science in the big metropolitan banks that the clerks are expected to strike a correct balance at the close of each day's work, no matter if the transactions have run into the millions of dollars. When the books fail to balance, the whole force of the bank is put to work to discover the error, and no clerk starts for home until it is discovered, whether it amounts to two cents or \$2,000. Generally a quarter of an hour will bring the mistake to light, but sometimes the hunt is kept up until late into the night.

Such a search was being conducted in a New York bank located in the vicinity of Wall street. Forty-five cents was missing. At 6 o'clock not a trace

of the errant sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in for the whole force from an adjoining restaurant, and after an hour's rest the search was again taken up. Midnight came, but still no clue, so sandwiches and coffee were served.

"Hello!" said a clerk. "The Blank National people are working to-night, too. Guess they're in the same box."

Scarcely enough, the windows of the bank across the street were brilliantly lighted. The incident was soon forgotten when the wearying hunt after that elusive forty-five cents was resumed. Shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning, as they were about to give up for the night, a loud rapping was heard at the front door of the bank.

"Hello! Hello! What's the matter?" called the cashier through the keyhole. "Matter, you chumps. Why, we've got your blamed old forty-five cent! Come along home to bed!"

Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighboring bank. It appeared that, in making a cash transaction, one of the banks had paid the other forty-five cents too much. As a result half a hundred men had worked for nine hours, and the search was only ended because a bright clerk, noticing the light in the bank opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash slip, and discovered the error.

Plates of the Pyramids.

In taking the visitor to the top the rascals wait till they get him about half way up on some particularly "sheery" portion of the ascent, obviously what the latter-day novelists call the psychological moment and make a unanimous demand for baksheesh. One does not feel like begrudging a few piastres at such a moment. Your glance strays uneasily down the appalling length and breadth of that huge, steep stairway of jagged boulders, and you shudderingly wonder how many piastres it would take for repairs to your anatomy if you were to take an impromptu toboggan slide to the bottom. To keep up their enthusiasm and give them an object in getting you back alive you promise them something. You find the whole village waiting for you with open palms at the bottom. They swarm over you like Siberian wolves on a belated traveler, whine and bully you out of all your change, your last cigarette, everything you've got, and then nearly make you for not having more. You shake off the last of your pursuers at the door of the hotel, pull yourself together with a sigh of relief and journey homeward, vowing that things will be largely otherwise and better managed before you appear amid the pyramids again. —Sphinx.

She Liked Sailing.

About twenty years ago a steam packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay-at-home spinster," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right at any time during her life to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this wise spinster lived nearly all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to the agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at reduced rates by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up her privilege, but this she would not do. Her reply was: "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing; so we ought both to be satisfied." —Lippincott's Magazine.

Boone's Gun.

"We have an old relic up in our country," said a gentleman from Eastern Kentucky, "which could tell a thrilling story if it were only provided with tongue and brain. It is an old rifle, which is said to have been owned by Daniel Boone, the great pioneer. On the stock fifteen notches have been cut and these are said to represent the number of Redskins the indomitable Daniel slew during his numerous expeditions in the wilds of the then young State of Kentucky. On the stock is cut this inscription in rude letters: 'BOONE'S BEST FRIN.' The old flintlock was given to an uncle of mine by a trapper named Dedmon, who lived on Powell's River, in Virginia, and whose grandfather had hunted, fished and trapped with the hardy Kentucky woodsman on many an occasion." —Louisville Post.

Getting Rid of an Incubus.

"Say, how is that for luck?" "What is it?" "You know how my steam yacht has been keeping me dead broke for the last two years?" "Yep." "Well, I've got a splendid idea. I'm going—ha, ha—to give it to the government." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clearly a Suspicious Character.

"Why did you arrest that man?" "Because he said he had come out here from Boston to settle up an estate for a widow woman."

WORK OF NEGRO NUNS.

The Only Order of Its Kind Is Located in New Orleans.

In the old French quarter of New Orleans with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealously guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grow, is a square of rather unobtrusive architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornately carved doors. It was once the old Creole opera house and ball room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns.

The powdered and ringleted damsels with hoop-distended skirts who stepped daintily across that threshold to scenes of gaiety in bygone years have given place to dark-robed figures whose white ruffled caps only bring into stronger relief the bronze and ebony of their skins. The very names of the streets here are rich in history and romance. There are Orleans and Bourbon, Chartres and-bia of the iron hand and gentle heart—Tony. Shades of the past are jostling one another, though in a gentle, shade-like way, at every street corner, and at nothing do they seem to be more astonished than at the sight of the colored nuns.

Yet, the order is not such a very modern one after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well-known figures on the streets of the Crescent City. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race. It has had the cordial support of such eminent churchmen as Archbishops Blane, Odin, Perche, Leroy and Janssens, who successively filled the archiepiscopal see of New Orleans. It was also a novitiate where young colored girls are trained for the work of the order with the view of extending that work to every parish in Louisiana, and, if possible, into every Southern State.

One of the most interesting parts of the convent is the orphan asylum, where children ranging in age from the wee tots just beginning to walk to girls of 12 and 14 years are cared for. One of the sisters in charge of the babies was an ex-slave. She is a real "mammy" still.

"But, reverend mother, you seem to have some white children here," said the Northern visitor, commenting on the fair white skin of some of the children.

"Oh, no," said the nun, smiling a bit wistfully at the ignorance of her visitor; "they all have colored blood in their veins. Maybe they are only quadroons, octoroons; some of them, indeed, have only one-tenth colored blood, but that one-tenth black counts more than the nine-tenths white, and makes them belong forever to the colored people."

One is reminded of some of Cable's stories, the pathos and the tragedy thereof.

In the orphan asylum 133 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the State. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women, and many of the women in the school, are dependent upon the sisters for their daily bread. Formerly the sisters obtained a fair revenue by going through the streets of New Orleans, from door to door, and into business houses and railroad offices, soliciting alms for their charges. So quietly did they labor that few outside the city were even aware of the existence of the order, the only colored sisterhood in the United States. But the yellow fever which broke out in the South in August caused that section to be hemmed in by quarantine, and the wheels of commerce stopped. As a pathetic letter just received from one of the sisters says:

"Our friends have always been among the poor laboring classes, who seem to feel most for us, and since this class has suffered particularly through lack of employment for three months, and their distress at present is almost as great as ours, we cannot in conscience apply to them for aid. Even if we did, it would not be forthcoming, as they have not the means." —St. Louis Republic.

He Knew How Hay Grew.

Those who have chaperoned a company of city gamins sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Answers:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He stared at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charles?" "Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack!"

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

Squaw Men in Alaska.

At Lake Lebarge we met an Englishman who was taking his wife and three children for a trip to Five Fl-

get Rapids. His wife was a squaw, and her face, as were also those of the children, was painted black. I never did find out the real reason these squaws have for painting their faces black. Some say it is because they think it makes them more beautiful, and still others claim that it is a preventive from the mosquitoes. We became quite friendly with this Englishman. He was taking his family to visit some of his wife's people. He had just received news from England that the death of three people had made him heir to a noble title and quite an inheritance, but to enjoy its possession, etc., of course he would have to return to England. "Of course," said I, "you are going at once." He looked around at his family and said, "Well, I could hardly take them with me, and I'm too fond of them to leave them here; so I think I'll stay here myself and let the other fellow enjoy my property over there." This was all said with a degree of pathos which was almost sublime, and yet I could not help picturing to myself the sensation that that squaw wife would make at some reception held among his titled friends if she were to enter as a natural, as we were looking at her then. I think something of the same thought must have passed through our friend's mind, for hastily murmuring, "What might have been," etc., he looked suspiciously like shedding a few tears, bade us a hurried farewell, and gathered his small family and belongings together and proceeded on his way. There are many white men in Alaska married to the Indians. They call them squaw men.—Leslie's Weekly.



Astronomers say that one million "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere.

Fully nine-tenths of the stars lie in a belt of the heavens about sixty degrees wide, through the center of which runs the Milky Way.

According to the computations of Prof. Hamy, the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

Meda Wilhite, of Buckner, Ky., now four years old, is probably the largest child of her age in the country. She weighs 120 pounds, has a chest measurement of thirty-eight inches, and is four feet high.

Professor Harshberger says that, botanically speaking, the dahlia is an American genus confined to Mexico. When the Spaniards first visited Mexico, they found the dahlia cultivated in the gardens of the natives. It was first grown in Madrid in 1780, and in England in 1790.

Professor Krebs, of Chicago is the third scientist who has discovered the germ of yellow fever. If the objects found are identical, this will be presumptive evidence that the medium of the disease has actually been found, and its cure, or rather its avoidance, will follow in due course.

The telegraphic tournament which is to take place in connection with the electrical exhibition in New York in May is attracting considerable attention. A phonographic record is to be made of the best transmission. The same matter is to be used as that sent by F. L. Gavigin, who made a record of 248 words in five minutes in 1893.

That the cinematograph is now a valuable aid to scientific investigations was shown in the eclipse observations in India, and now Professor Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, has used a cinematograph to take during the night a continuous series of pictures showing sunset, the appearance of the stars, the milky way, moonrise and the moon's motion in the sky.

Contrary to a wide-spread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, it has been shown that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the linden-tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden, and almost equal to it. Then comes pine, hardly inferior to fir and linden; while hard oak possesses eight per cent. less heating capacity than linden, and red beech ten per cent. less.

If an inhabitant of another world should visit our earth he would hardly fail to notice, among its curiosities worth reporting to his fellow-beings, the numerous observatories, some for studying the stars and others for studying the weather, which, within a few years past, have been placed upon so many lofty peaks in lands so widely scattered that they may be said to encircle the globe. He would probably jot down in his note-book: "The inhabitants of the earth have placed sentinel sentry-boxes all around their planet as near the sky as they can get them." The latest of the lofty outposts of science to be established has recently been put on the summit of Mount Kosciuszko, 7,328 feet high, the most elevated point in Australia. It is a meteorological observatory.

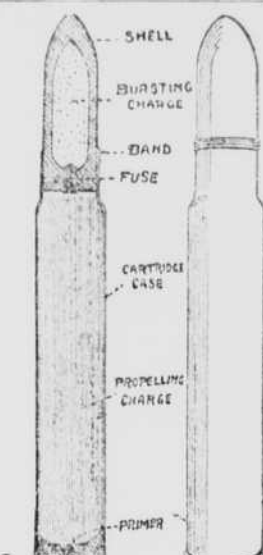
GREAT GUNS GALORE.

Nearly Half a Hundred Latest Rapid-Fire Machine Guns.

The Cunard liner Euryma, just before war was declared, brought over a cargo of fifty-five cases of rapid-fire rifles and machine guns and a large quantity of smokeless powder, consigned from Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Harter Brothers & Co., of New York City. With the guns were their carriages and fittings. This shipment was for the War Department. The guns were all purchased from the Americans. Twelve of them were manufactured for the Brazilian Government, which released the Americans from their contract that our Government might have them. In all forty-six were purchased. The total weight of all the guns purchased is something over 800,000 pounds.

The guns are unlike anything made in this country. For that reason the ammunition for them was bought on the other side, since it would take altogether too long and would cost too much money to change the machinery in the ordnance plants in this country in order to supply the projectiles for the guns. The rapid-fire guns are all Maxim and Nordenfolt rifles, about five-inch bore, and are to be used for coast defense. The machine guns, it is said, are to be mounted in some of the ships of the navy.

Admiral Ito's squadron in the recent Chinese-Japanese war was well equipped with rapid-fire guns, while the Chinese had none. The battle of the Yalu demonstrated the value of rapid-fire guns. Ship after ship of the Chinese fleet opened fire at long range with the heavy guns, but the Japanese ships stood straight on until within 3,000 yards of the enemy, when they turned in succession eight points to port, and opening with broadsides from their six-



inch and 7.7-inch rapid-fire guns, they poured in a hail of steel, riddling the upper parts of the superstructures of the Chinese ships. The water was lashed to foam by shells, which, ricocheting, inflicted most of the hits. The Japanese fired three or four times as fast as the Chinese, cutting down all who were on deck. Officers were killed at their posts by the deadly rapid-fires, and none of them could be forced on deck, even at the muzzle of the pistol.

Clergyman's Experiment.

A laudable attempt on the part of a Notting Hill clergyman to practically illustrate to the working class portion of his flock the combined benefits of religion and a tankard of beer has, we regret to hear, proved unsuccessful. The Rev. Prebendary Denison started, for the social pleasure of his congregation, a club, where the reverend gentleman or his curate went, after dispensing theological pabulum in the church, and served the members with beer and other corporeal refreshments. The idea was to keep them away from public houses and to afford them honest recreation with a reasonable amount of tipple. By the rules no man could be served with liquor more than three times in the course of a night. But the clergyman was unaware of the degree of not of original sin at least of bibulous ingenuity among the rougher classes of Notting Hill. They evaded the rule by clubbing together their twopences and treating each other, so that in the course of the evening a member was able to obtain half a dozen, or even more, drinks, instead of three. The result was sometimes unpleasant, and the Prebendary has therefore reluctantly determined to give up the experiment. —London Telegraph.

On Dangerous Ground.

Dick—I am convinced now that the funny men are right when they say a woman can't understand a joke. Tom—Why, what's happened? Dick—I called on Mrs. Dattleigh—that sprightly little widow, you know—last night and just in a joking way proposed to her. Tom—Yes? Dick—Well, it looks now as if I will have to furnish a very elaborate diagram to get her to see through it.—Cleveland Leader.

Accustomed to It.

Ella—Jack, dear, do you think you can stand up in the battle of the brunt? Jack—Oh, yes; I have become quite accustomed to face powder.—New York Evening World.

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PEACE RESTORED.

The commanding generals have all been notified to cease hostilities, and we are again in a state of peace. While it has been an expensive luxury, in many respects it has been of great benefit to the United States, not the least of which is the fact that foreign powers have become informed of the fact that the United States will fight, and that when aroused, there is no power on earth that can conquer us.

The sectionalism that has prevailed within our boundaries since the war of the rebellion, has entirely disappeared and is justly regarded as being alone worth to us as a nation all that the war has cost us. The north and the south joined hands in the conflict, and one has been just as earnest and patriotic as the other.

During the political conflicts that occur in the United States, our people often wonder if the parties could ever be united upon any one single proposition, and this question has now been settled in favor of the affirmative of the disputed point, for the republican administration has been most heartily supported during the conflict by all the great political parties of the country.

For a time it appeared that the retention of Porto Rico and the Philippines would become an important question of dispute between the various parties, but recent developments indicate a general, but not universal, disposition to never haul down the stars and stripes when once raised on conquered soil. Cuba will naturally be annexed to the United States. The people of the island will no doubt soon follow the example of Hawaii, so that after a careful "invoice," the United States will come out of the conflict with the money expended during the war well invested.

OFF, ON HIS HISTORY.

The Chicago Tribune recently interviewed the governor of the state of Washington, in which he was reported to have said: "In 1854 Commodore Perry's ships forcibly opened Japanese ports to the trade of the world."

The pop governor's mouth goes off very easily, but when its discharge refers to matters of history, we would suggest that he correctly inform himself before he attempts to parade his knowledge before the country. The facts concerning the opening of Japan to the commerce of the world are that Commodore Perry went to Japan and informed its people that the United States was anxious to negotiate a treaty which would open its ports to commerce. After a short stay in Japanese waters, the Commodore left with his fleet and returned a year later, at which time the treaty was negotiated, the Japanese government freely giving its consent, and it was not secured by force on the part of our government. It is due to the tact and good judgment of Commodore Perry, in treating with the Japanese, that has made Japan a strong friend of the United States. It was England and one other power, the name of which we do not now remember, that treated the Japanese very badly, and a comparison of the nations concerned was not unfavorable to the United States as viewed by the Japanese, hence the friendship between the two.

Read your history, Governor.

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

The Beloit, Kansas, Times, edited by a brother of the writer, "jumps onto a woman" lecturer in the following sarcastic manner. We are surprised:

Mrs. Diggs, with a smile, made the remark, at the Industrial School last Friday night, that she was no stranger to Beloit, which is true. We knew her in 1890, when she was known as the most untruthful and unreliable public speaker that ever struck this part of the country, and although she was cornered and run in on her misrepresentations at one meeting, she had the brazen audacity to repeat the same falsehood at the next meeting. Oh no, Mrs. Diggs is no stranger here, but persons who know her method of campaigning eight years ago, do not break their necks nor fall over each other to listen to her harangues.

TO STAMP OR NOT STAMP.

Internal Revenue Rulings of Much Interest.

The following decisions of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Scott at Washington City are of interest to the people. They were questions asked and referred to the aforesaid commissioner and are as follows:

Treasury Department,
Office Commissioner of Internal Revenue,
WASHINGTON CITY, July 21, 1898.

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., inclosing letter to you from Mr. Park Davis of Sioux Falls, S. D., and a list of questions propounded by him asking the construction placed by this office upon the words "Certificate of any description required by law not otherwise specified in this act, ten cents," as they occur in the war revenue law of June 13, 1898. The questions are:

1. Is a stamp required on a certificate of acknowledgment to a deed, mortgage, bond, assignment of mortgage, power of attorney to sell real estate or other instrument required by the revenue law to be stamped where such instrument has been stamped?

Answer—No.

2. Is a stamp required on a certificate of acknowledgment to a deed where the consideration is \$100 or less?

Answer—Yes; 10-cent stamp.

3. Is a stamp required on a certificate of acknowledgment to a mortgage where the consideration of the mortgage is \$1,000 or less?

Answer—Yes; 10-cent stamp.

4. Is a stamp required on a certificate of discharge of real estate mortgage and upon the certificate of acknowledgment thereof, or on a certificate of satisfaction of chattel mortgage, or either of them?

Answer—Entry of satisfaction of mortgage is not held to be a certificate.

5. Is a stamp required on a certificate of incorporation?

Answer—Yes.

6. Is a stamp required on a certificate of a Justice of the Peace certifying transcript or other paper to a higher court?

Answer—Yes.

7. Is a stamp required on a certificate or return of service of summons or other process?

Answer—Return on summons or other court process issued to a sheriff is not a "certificate."

8. Is a stamp required on a certificate issued at a city or county tax sale?

Answer—No.

9. Is a stamp required on a certificate of election?

Answer—No.

10. Is a stamp required on a certificate of probate of will?

Answer—Yes.

11. Is a stamp required on a certificate of good moral character required by one seeking admission to the bar?

Answer—No.

12. Is a stamp required on a certificate of sale issued by a sheriff under foreclosure by action or execution, and on the acknowledgment thereto, or either of them?

Answer—This question is not understood. In case of a foreclosure of mortgage it appears to this office that the document made by the sheriff in the case would be a return, and it is not understood how there could be any acknowledgment in connection with such return.

13. The same difficulty in understanding this question. Sheriff usually makes return of a sale by him under foreclosure and such return is not a certificate as prescribed in the law.

14. Is a stamp required on a sheriff's deed and on the acknowledgment thereto, or either of them?

Answer—On deed.

15. Is a stamp required on a certificate of marriage?

Answer—It is, unless given for the purposes of the state.

16. Is a stamp required on a certificate of a judgment and on the acknowledgment thereto, or either of them?

Answer—If satisfaction is entered on the record no stamp is required. If a separate instrument is made it should be stamped.

18. Are not all kinds of certificates required in judicial proceedings exempt from the provisions of the revenue law?

Answer—No. The law specifically exempts those under section 17 only. Bonds required in official proceedings are exempt.

Respectfully yours,

U. B. SCOTT, Commissioner.
Hon. R. F. Pettigrew, U. S. Senate.

Some eastern papers are kicking because only eight or ten millions of gold were brought out of the Klondike this season. They expected the output would be more, and therefore pronounce gold digging a failure in the great North West. Comment is entirely unnecessary.

Hol' Dem Philippines.

Mistah Dewey, yo's all right,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Made yo' point an' won yo' fight,
Hol' dem Philippines!
If dem natives get too gay
Make dem walk de Spanish way,
Show dem dat yo's come to stay,
Hol' dem Philippines!

Doctah Dewey, doan' yo' care,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Let dat German ge'man swear,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Reckon dat yo' saw dem first,
Jus' yo' say to winner wurst:
"Come an' take 'em if yo' durst!"
Hol' dem Philippines!

Fomer Dewey, yo' is warm,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Reckon yo' can ride de storm,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Tell him dat yo' will not grieve
If ol' Diederich should leave—
Keep dat razzar up yo' sleeve,
Hol' dem Philippines!

A'm'al Dewey, watch yo' kyards,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Folks all sen' yo' best regyards,
Hol' dem Philippines!
Make dem fo'iners lay low,
If dey 'sist to poster so,
Make dem take dah clothes en' go,
Hol' dem Philippines!

—George V. Hobart in Baltimore News.

SOMETHING GOOD.

All Efforts of the News Man Have Failed to Locate It.

A News man went down Front street last Monday in search of news for the many readers of this paper. Three or four times he was asked if he had heard of the new gold strike. Of course our answer was no. We followed clue after clue, but without success. Finally one man said to us: "Go and see Mr. Bank, he can tell you something about it." We had seen Mr. Bank, and he was one of the parties who had asked us for the particulars concerning the new find. This convinced us that Mr. Bank—were not giving his true name—knew considerable about the matter, and we made a raid on his supply of information, and are now able to say that there is good cause for the excitement that the rumor produced. The new discovery consists of some recently found placer gold fields on the main land, between fifteen and eighteen miles from Fort Wrangel. A number of people have already gone there, and a full report of the same will probably not be secured until the parties return, which will be within the next week or ten days. Further than this we cannot say. The names of some of those who have gone to the new gold fields are known to us, but are intentionally withheld, for the present. The discoverers are entitled to secrecy on our part until they have located their claims, and this right the News cheerfully extends to them. We sincerely trust the strike will prove to be even better than reported, and that those who went out in the first stampede, will return wealthy men.

Read and Then Go.

The live and enterprising firm of Wakefield & Young has a new ad. in this issue of the paper. They talk "right out in meetin'," and mean what they say. We remember when Lee Wakefield and Loyal Young first came to Wrangel. They opened a store, bought the very best goods in the market, marked them down low, and commenced selling, and they never let up, and we are glad to say it—we know it to be true—they are enjoying a good trade, even if Fort Wrangel is going through the dull season. Two better, nicer, and more thorough business men never joined hands in a business enterprise, and there is no use in talking to the contrary, for square dealing will bring trade, and it is bringing it to Wakefield & Young.

Please Return to the Owner.

Mrs. Bernard lost a silk muffler between Front street and the Davidge wharf last Sunday. The finder will please return it to the owner at Mr. Bernard's store.

Americans will always cherish a kindly feeling for the Queen Regent of Spain and Admiral Cervera.

President McKinley has made one serious mistake in his peace negotiations. He should have included a demand for the body of butcher Weyler, who caused the destruction of the Maine and the loss of hundreds of the lives of her officers and crew.

The emperor of Germany was pretty generally criticized for the removal of Bismarck as prime minister of Germany when he ascended the throne. No doubt Bismarck created a united Germany, but with that accomplished, his usefulness to the German empire to a great extent ceased. We are inclined to the opinion that the frisky and conceited young monarch displayed good judgment when he made the change referred to.

WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL MILLS
MANUFACTURERS OF
Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring,
Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.
Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

And the Latest Improved Machinery

Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FISRT CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

THE CASSIAR....

—In front of McKinnon's Wharf—
NO 217 FRONT STREET

The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS
IN ABUNDANCE.

FINE POOL TABLE

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL

FIFE-ALASKA CO.

224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in **General Merchandise**

SUBSCRIPTIONS
ONE YEAR \$3.00
SIX MONTHS 1.50
THREE MONTHS .75
Advertising Rates
ON APPLICATION

THE
ADVERTISING MEDIUM
of
SOUTHEAST ALASKA
FIRST CLASS
JOB WORK
A SPECIALTY
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

READ THE

NEWS...

AND GET THE

NEWS..

CASE & WILSON

Have on exhibition in their show window a very handsome and unique center table. It is made from black walnut, taken from the "Ancon," wrecked a number of years ago near Loring, and Alaska yellow cedar. It was made by one of the natives of Sitka and is valued at \$50.00. In the same window is a sealed glass jar filled with beans. For every dollar purchase you make in the store you will be entitled to a guess and the person guessing nearest to the number of beans in the jar will be presented with the table. The jar was filled and sealed in the presence of three of Wrangel's most prominent citizens and on September 1st, 1898, will be opened and the beans counted by the same committee.

The economy of buying at Case & Wilson's is so evident that it will draw you there with the force of a magnet. Their business is steadily increasing, and the reason is simply because they give good, honest values at right prices.

THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

The Social.

The first of a series of entertainments to be given by the Ladies Aid Society, was held last Thursday evening in the Opera house and a most enjoyable time was had. A large crowd was in attendance—so large, in fact—that the ladies found themselves wholly unprepared to satisfy the demands made upon them for refreshments. We feel prepared to answer for the crowd, however, that what was lacking in the way of physical nourishment, was more than compensated for in the mental feast of music and literature which was enjoyed by those present. The numbers were all of such unusual merit that it would be hard to mention any particular one as being superior to others. We congratulate the ladies in this their first effort and we feel assured that only the announcement of one of their entertainments in the future will be necessary, to bring out even a larger crowd than before.

The proceeds amounted to \$32.00 which will be used in repairing the sidewalk leading up to the church.

NOTES.

Mrs. Lindsey proved herself to be an efficient waiter and a favorite one.

Mrs. Webber's singing was especially fine and a surprise to new-comers.

Capt. Wilson makes a fine presiding officer as well as being a "sweet singer."

Capt. Gray, of the Casca, treated his guests to water in a new and unique way.

There were a whole lot of disappointed children when the ice cream ran short.

Miss Keefe added much to the pleasure of the evening by her skillful rendition of some fine piano selections. Her music was a feature of the program.

The ladies are planning another pleasant time in the near future which will be distinguished for the abundance of ice cream and cake—that is if the weather is warm.

Mrs. Barnes has proven herself a "host" when it comes to making a success of an entertainment and ably fills the position of president of the Ladies Aid Society.

Finest confectionery in town at the Hunt Grocery Co.

The Monte Cristo, Murray, captain, returned from up the river yesterday.

Mr. Beeston, inspector and auditor for the Hudson's Bay Co., was in the city yesterday.

Remember that the Hunt Grocery Co. always has on hand a full supply of fresh vegetables and groceries.

The Tacoma, one of the finest tug boats on the coast, steamed up to the Davidge wharf yesterday forenoon.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

The Tees, with jolly, good natured Capt. Goss in command, tied up at the McKinnon wharf this forenoon. She brought her whistle with her.

The Thistle, with the Isabel in tow, tied up at the Davidge wharf Monday evening. Each was loaded with coal for this place, from the Union mines.

Mr. R. C. Diehl received a letter from a friend at Skaguay, in which it is said that there are left in that city about 300 people—the balance are all out on the stampede to the new gold fields, which are no doubt very rich.

Miss Nellie Green and mother, of Whiting, Kan., arrived in the city Sunday, on the Cottage City. Miss Green has been employed as teacher in the public school at this place. We extend her a welcome in behalf of the citizens.

It is to be hoped that the precedent established by the Ladies Aid Society of repairing sidewalks, will be followed by work in that line all over the city. Let the good work go on until it is safe for pedestrians to go out after dark with safety.

CAPT. NIGHTINGALE DEAD.

Was Killed in a Train Wreck Last Wednesday. Built the Davidge Wharf in this City.

Captain Richard Nightingale was killed about six miles from Union on Vancouver island last Wednesday. Uncle Dick, as many called him, was in this city for some four months and during that time built the Davidge wharf. The Vancouver World of the 18th inst., gives an account of the disaster in which it is stated that an engine and a train of twenty cars, each loaded with twenty-three tons of coal, went through a bridge and all were dumped in a heap on the bottom of the river, a distance of 120 feet. The span of the wooden structure that gave way was 210 feet long and had been in use some ten years. Concerning Capt. Nightingale the World says:

Richard Nightingale was a pioneer resident of Nanaimo, where, for many years, he occupied the position of Alderman. He was well and favorably known, and had just returned from Wrangel, where he had completed a large contract for building a wharf. He leaves a wife and family resident here. The affliction comes with double force to Mrs. Nightingale, who lost her only brother in the death of John Sabiston, whose funeral took place to-day.

The sudden and terrible death of Uncle Dick was a shock to his many friends in this city, for in the short time that he remained here he became well acquainted with the people and was esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He was an untiring worker, a good manager of men and of a friendly, jovial disposition and the News took occasion to express the regrets of the good people of Fort Wrangel at the time of his departure to Nanaimo, in the following manner:

"Capt. Nightingale leaves this city for Nanaimo this week and will probably make that place his home in the future. The Capt. has had charge of the Davidge business and superintended the construction of the new wharf. We regret very much that he leaves our city. There are lots of people in town who join us in this regret. He is a live progressive man, and worthy of the utmost confidence. We wish him success where ever he may go but at the same time, hope he may conclude to return to Fort Wrangel."

Good Bye.

Mr. M. Manson, wharfinger of the Davidge Dock in this city, and agent for R. Dunsmuir & Sons, will leave Fort Wrangel for good, some time this week and will take with him his most estimable wife and family. It is with much reluctance that we say good bye to them for a better and more noble hearted man never came to our city. Mr. Manson was recently elected superintendent of the Sunday school and instilled new life into it, and none will regret his departure more than they, who each Sunday afternoon go to the church on Second street. He is a thorough business man, live, wide awake and whether at a picnic, in Sunday school or attending to business, his every action is full of push and life. Fort Wrangel can not afford to lose him. We say good bye but how we dislike to, and we doubt not he will be welcomed to his former home with as much pleasure as our regrets are in having him leave us.

Gone to Tacoma.

C. O. Bates, the lawyer, a resident of Fort Wrangel for some five months past moved to Tacoma, his former home, and left the city on the City of Seattle last Friday. Mr. Bates leaves a host of friends in this city who much regret his departure. He was unquestionably one of the best and brightest lawyers in Alaska and never seemed to lack for business while in Fort Wrangel. The best wishes of his many friends, and especially the News, go with him, yea, they will follow him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Important Meeting.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet tomorrow, (Thursday) p. m. at 2:30, at the home of Mrs. Bennett, near the saw mill. A full attendance is desired and plain sewing of all kinds solicited by the society, to be done at moderate prices. A general invitation is extended to all ladies of the city to join this society, irrespective of church affiliation.

A Joke on Marshal Grant.

Mr. T. G. Wilson has been expecting the arrival of his wife and children for several weeks past. He has been preparing for this reception, and one of the principal things was to secure a comfortable residence, and he has spent considerable time and money in improving and furnishing a house on the street back of his store. One day Marshal Grant called on Mr. Wilson while he was at work on the house. At that particular time he was putting in double doors, where a small one had been, which was for the purpose of getting a large sized steel range into the house, which a small door would not permit of. Marshal Grant enquired why he was putting in such large doors. Mr. Wilson replied that his wife was a very large woman—that she weighed 350 pounds, and that the doors were not large enough to admit her. He also expressed his regrets that some of the sidewalks were so rickety, for fear that they might not be strong enough to hold her. "Of course," said Wilson, "this is a delicate matter to talk about, and I am only saying this to you." Grant said but little—but he thought: "A 350 pound woman in town! My!" And then he thought of the terrible accident that might befall her when she attempted to pass over the sidewalks. While Grant is a joker, nevertheless he took it all in, for Wilson seemed in such dead earnest. Grant, confidentially of course, told some of his nearest friends about Wilson's 350 pound wife, and they were all anxious to see the ponderous piece of human flesh. Well, Mrs. Wilson arrived in the city on the Farallon last Friday night, and imagine, yes, just imagine, Grant's surprise when he was introduced to a charming, little, black-eyed woman, that would weigh not to exceed 110 pounds. Grant, in telling how he felt, said: "Why, you could have knocked me down with a feather." Grant may outlive the joke, but as long as he remains in Fort Wrangel, he will often be reminded of the good joke Wilson played on him.

He Don't Talk.

Mr. Ogilvie, the new gold commissioner for the Klondike was in the city this forenoon. He is on his way to Dawson. Thanks to the stupidity of the Canadian senate, for his going in by way of Skaguay. A News man found Mr. Ogilvie and attempted to interview him, but the pump wouldn't work. Interviewing a sick man don't generally prove to be a howling success. He had either the gout or the toothache, we don't know which, but his head was tied up with great wads of cotton batting on either side of his cheeks. We were introduced and with great haste we handed him a copy of the only religious paper in Alaska. We thought it might compose him. He took off his glasses and looked at us and we looked at him. We shied around on several topics, but he was keeping a keen lookout and occasionally he would remind the reporter that he could not discuss politics. After successive failures in getting anything out of him that would interest our readers, we started in on the Glenora-Teslin railroad, which is a favorite topic in this city. We thought we would lay a trap and probably might get something, for thus far we got nothing.

"We understand up this way that the Canadian senate regrets that it killed the railroad bill," said the News man.

The reply was in low, soft tones, "I cannot discuss politics."

The News man took his cane, hat and writing material and after wishing him a pleasant and safe journey into Dawson, bade him good bye.

A Good One.

T. G. Wilson, his wife and children, were eating breakfast at the Blue Front last Saturday morning. Phil, the proprietor, was made acquainted with Mrs. Wilson. Phil looked at Mrs. Wilson, then at Wilson, and addressing his remarks to the latter, said: "What are you going to do with those three other women you have here?" Mrs. Wilson replied: "Three, I thought there were a dozen. If there are only three, I will make short work of them," and everybody that overheard the remark took a good, hearty laugh.

The Horsa, Hackett, captain, from Victoria, tied up at the McKinnon wharf this morning. A News man met Captain Hackett, who showed the writer over the boat. We haven't yet made up our mind which we like the best, the boat or her master. The former we found so nice, neat and clean—the latter one of the most genial, affable gentlemen we ever met. One of the passengers told us that the boat furnished the best table of any he had ever traveled on. Another said the Captain and his boat made a combination that could not be beat. The Captain will be back in a short time, going to Victoria. If any of our people are going to the sound, they should wait for her, for she will make regular trips up, hereafter.

FORT WRANGEL

ALASKA

A Growing Young City,

Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

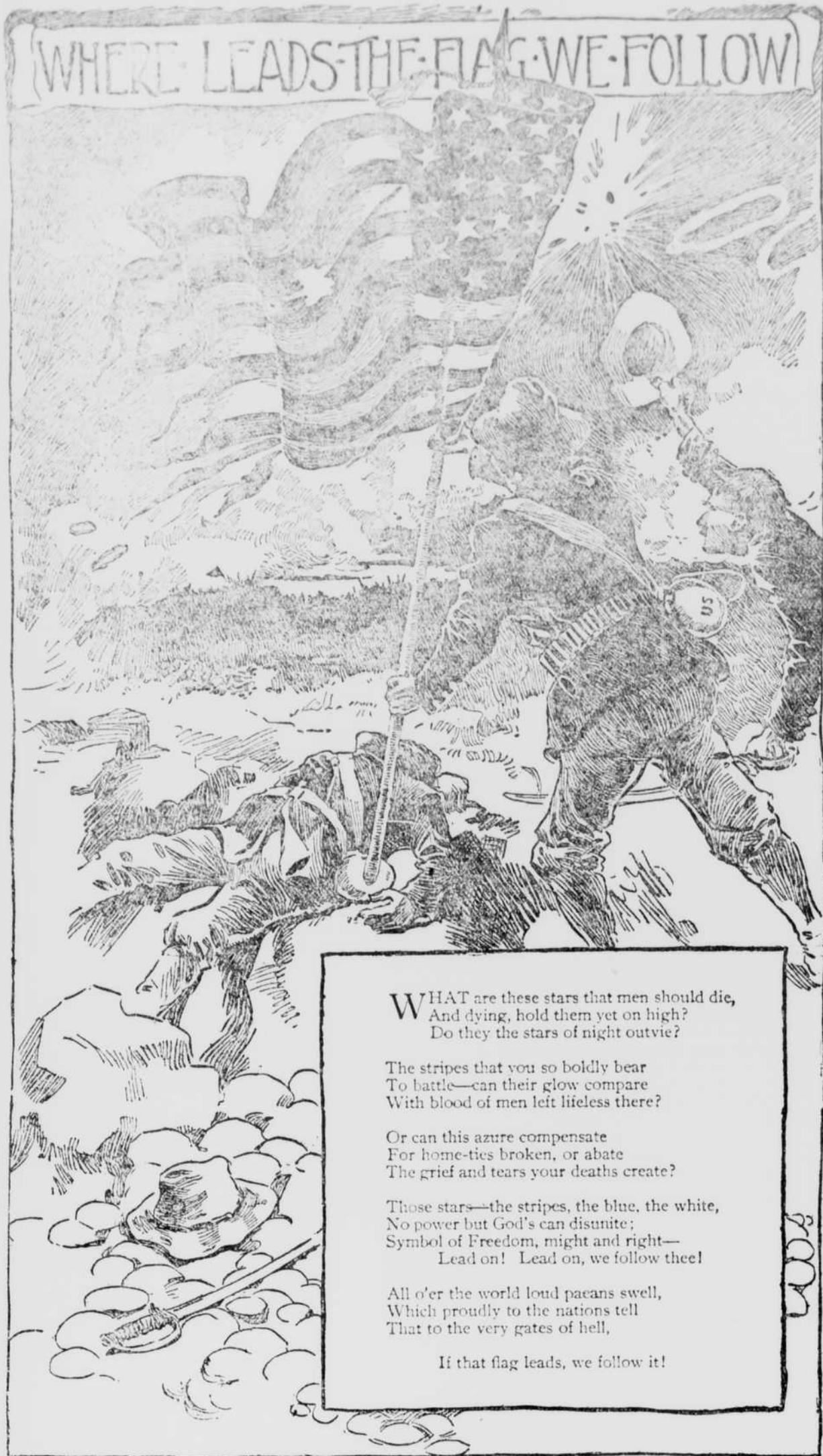
For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.



WHAT are these stars that men should die,
And dying, hold them yet on high?
Do they the stars of night outvie?

The stripes that you so boldly bear
To battle—can their glow compare
With blood of men left lifeless there?

Or can this azure compensate
For home-ties broken, or abate
The grief and tears your deaths create?

Those stars—the stripes, the blue, the white,
No power but God's can disunite;
Symbol of Freedom, might and right—
Lead on! Lead on, we follow thee!

All o'er the world loud paeans swell,
Which proudly to the nations tell
That to the very gates of hell,

If that flag leads, we follow it!

BABY SOPRANO.

Wee Two-Year-Old Girl Who Sings Grand Operas.

The youngest musical wonder in all New York is little Marguerite Mandelkern, just 2 years and 3 months old. The wee girl has not yet learned to lisp plainly the mingled English and German in which she expresses herself, but there is no music too difficult for her to sing with absolute precision after once or twice hearing it upon the piano.

The little treble voice is as clear and true as a bell, and most intricate measures are given with a strict adherence to time that would make a prima donna envious.

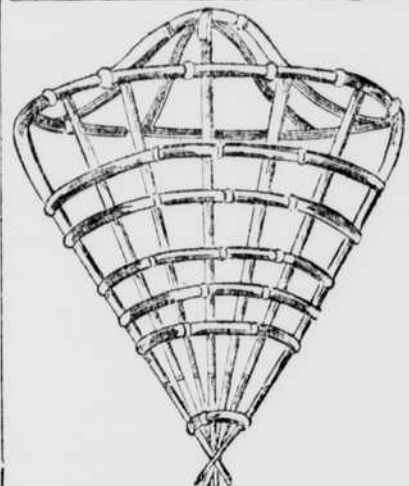
The child is a daughter of Joseph Mandelkern, of No. 106 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and has doubtless inherited her marvelous ear from her father, whose ruling passion is music. For hours, while her sister Elizabeth, a pianist of no mean order, is playing, Baby Marguerite will creep into the room and lie silently listening. This had been going on for some time before the family observed the little one's habit and became aware of her devotion to melody.

It was when near her second birthday, however, that the infant musician essayed her own powers. Her choice was grand opera, and her debut made in an aria from "Aida." As the first note was struck "Gracie," as she is known at home, stopped suddenly in her play, threw back her head, parted her red lips and to the surprise of every one present sang in a sweet, pure thread of tone the entire aria.

Once having found her voice the little maid, tremulous with delight, went on to make her own every theme that appealed to her. And Gracie knows,

too, everything that she sings. It is a matter of moment to this small music lover whether it be Verdi or Mendelssohn that occupies her attention.—New York World.

Bird Cage Made by Navajos.
Here is another illustration of the ingenuity of the Navajo Indians. It is



ORIGINAL AND SERVICEABLE.

a bird cage made of bamboo. The design is original and the material very serviceable.

He Promised.

"Oh, George," she cried, after he had kissed her, "you'll never tell any one, will you?"

"Never have the slightest fear on that score," he replied. And it must have been the way he said it that made her angry.

A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

INDICATE CHARACTER.

What Different Kinds of Noses Mean to Their Owners.

A thick nose and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material instincts, while a turned-up nose with wide nostrils betokens a vain disposition.

Especially wide nostrils are signs of courage, strength and pride; small nostrils of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are usually found among men, and when a woman possesses a large nose it indicates she is masculine in character.

The nose, the form of which has so much to do with the beauty of the face, is amenable to culture, and we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half an ordinary human life the nose is capable of receiving more noble form. The mental training of an individual has a great deal to do with shaping the nose.

The small, flat nose, found among women and called the soubrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable cast of countenance, indicates a gracious and cheerful naivete, combined with considerable curiosity. Such a nose is seldom found among men, and when a man is unfortunate enough to possess it he is characterized by weak and definite sagacity.—Philadelphia Press.

Female.

"Any mail for me this morning?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir, but there was a lady," replied the bright boy.—Philadelphia North American.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.



THE STOKER A HERO.

On Men-of-War There is No Position More Trying than His.

Stripped to the waist, perspiring in the terrible heat of the furnaces, the stoker never knows how the battle is going, whether his ship will be blown into the air or sent to the bottom, as he throws the coal into the fiery maw of the furnace.

Among the heroes on a battleship none have so onerous a position and none more dangerous than the men who tend the furnaces and pass the coal. However the conflict above him may range, the stoker hears only its distant murmur and feels only the shock as the shells impact themselves against the steel sides and the great guns recoil from the thousand pounds of steel and powder hurled at the enemy. Perhaps a chance shot may pierce the 10 inches of armor that guard the engines and boilers and the rushing water may drown him as he vainly seeks to escape. Perhaps the 50 tons of explosives in the magazines may be reached by a projectile from the enemy's guns and he may be blown to pieces in the steel cell where he is at work.

At any time the crisis may come, and small chance is there for him to catch on the floating spar or wreckage. In such cases the stoker-hole always proves the coffin of the men who feed the furnaces and lend the initial assistance towards making the war vessel a thing of life.

The stoker-hole in a battleship is situated far below the water line at a point almost amidships. A long, grimy room it is, hemmed in by steel walls

in the burning fuel, and plenty of experience keeps the great furnace at an even heat. The steam gauge over his head is watched and every fluctuation noted. The assistant engineer, who superintends the work of stoker, is constantly on the alert. The life of a battleship may often depend on a proper handling by the engineer. If one of the furnaces is disabled by a chance shot, no harm may result, but if more are disabled the ship may be at the enemy's mercy.

In spite of their hard duties the stokers are healthy, strong and vigorous men. The intense heat in which they work tans their skin a dark brown. They are fairly well paid and have many liberties. They are idle more or less when the vessel is in port and little steam is kept up.

When the battle begins the men in the stoker-hole are able to tell only that the ship has gone into action. They hear the roar of the batteries as they are fired and feel the shock of the shell as it bursts on the armored sides; but the terrible anxiety of a half day's conflict is greater to them than to the men who work the guns or direct the ship's movements.

As the battle goes on there are many who win praise for bravery in action, but to the stoker there is only to toll on in the furious heat, each one doing his small share. He helps to win by keeping his integral part of the engine of war in working order, at the direction of the commander.

The Use of the Great Toe.

The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the manual labor, carried stone, mortar and other building materials on their heads to the top of the five-story tower in a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the unerring accuracy with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball or the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove at the juncture of the great toe with the body of the foot, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes afford the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one-armed Santo Domingan black, astride the rear ox in a wheel yoke, guiding a lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip.—Overland Monthly.

Horse Brains.

An East Hebron (Maine) horse proves his wit in this wise: Two nights in succession the nag slipped his headstall off and pushed an inner door of the stable open and slid the outer railroad door with his teeth and went into the field and helped himself to grass. He was detected by the prints of his teeth on the cross-bars of the door.

Great Time-Saving Scheme.

"No," he said, "I don't care for poetry. Fact is, I haven't time to read much of anything."

"Why," she sweetly asked, "don't you try to learn to roll your cigarettes with one hand?"

A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

The Peruvian condor's wings are sometimes forty feet from tip to tip.



STOKERS AT WORK.

Experience And Not Experiments

Should be your guide in buying medicine. Let others experiment; you should be guided by experience. Experiments are uncertain in result; experience is sure. Experiments may do you harm; experience proves that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. You may rely upon the experience of those who have been cured by this medicine.

Fulfills a Duty.

"I feel it my duty to let people know how much good Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. My health was poor and I had doctored and taken medicine but found no relief so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking two bottles I felt better and I kept on taking it and now I am well. I think it is the best blood medicine in the world."—C. W. CAGG, Princeton, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 for 45¢. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists, 25¢.

Waterways in Russia.

The Russian government will shortly open a water route into the interior of Russian Turkestan and thus furnish the country with communication, and to some extent with water also. For this purpose advantage will be taken of a line of depressions or valleys extending from a point on the lower course of Amur-Daria river eastward to the Caspian sea. A canal to the Caspian can be built on a comparatively easy line. The Russian experience in Turkestan has shown that the ancient fertility of the country can be restored by irrigation, and large shipments of cotton are now made to Moscow. The promising mineral deposits have also been located and transportation in addition to the present trans-Caspian railroad is much needed.

The World's Hard Wood Market.

London is the hardwood market of the world. American buyers of Mexican woods go to London to make their purchases instead of Mexico. The woods are shipped to London and then back to the United States, for the reason that London is the exchange of the world.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the facsimile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1907. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

For Bicycle Riders.

Dinner pails are being fitted with hails which will permit their attachment to the top bar of a bicycle frame, the bail having a circular spring formed on either side close to the pail, with spring braces extending to the cover to prevent a sudden jar or swing.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other nervousness. After first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, Send for FREE 24-page trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 300 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A sleigh made by Colonel David Moseley in 1776 has been in the family service ever since. It is now owned by Edward Moseley, of Westfield, Mass., a great-grandson.

Stop! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is a man.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

DR. KLINE'S CURE FOR
CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE LUNCHEON HOUR

WHEN PENSION OFFICE CLERKS
LEAVE THEIR DESKS.

In and About the Big Court—Enjoyment in a Cup of Coffee and a Sandwich—One of the Interesting Capital City Sights.

Among the File Cases.

No more interesting sight can be seen about Washington than that which occurs daily at the pension office during the half hour, between 12:30 and 1 o'clock, allowed the employees of that branch of the government for luncheon.



THE LUNCHEON HOUR.

There is something of a military precision in the manner lunches are eaten at the pension office, very different from the way that proceeding is conducted in other departments.

Commissioner Evans has insisted that as the lunch time is from 12:30 to 1 o'clock that the act of taking nourishment shall be confined to that period. Not a minute sooner than the prescribed hour the army of 1,600 clerks emerge from the offices and swarm down the broad staircases to the eastern portion of the court, where a score of impromptu tables are set loaded with sandwiches, pie, cups of coffee and various concoctions of food to be devoured. The vendors of these provisions are instructed not to sell anything before 12:30 o'clock, and previous to that time a dollar bill would not be sufficient to buy a piece of pie.

A hundred and fifty bicycles are stacked in the court of the pension office, and half of the owners of these wheels mount them promptly during lunch time and speed away a mile or a



WITH A MUG OF MILK.

mile and a half to their homes, where they eat their mid-day meal with their families. The others stand about the court with a mug of milk or coffee, a sandwich or a piece of pie, quietly gaining refreshment while they exchange the news of the day.

To the outer world the doings of the chiefs of divisions in the pension office may appear to be a small matter, but within the barn-like structure that accommodates this branch of the government the chiefs are the personal aids of the commissioner. They see the commissioner every day, talk over with him the administration of the bureau, suggest changes that might improve its methods of doing business, and to a greater or less extent the army of clerks are dependent upon them for



ELABORATE.

"reputations" as good clerks. So it is that any word that may have dropped from the lips of a chief is passed around and devoured as eagerly as are the viands which are procured for the caterers. An accident happening to any of the clerks is discussed and commented on, and the various orders issued by the commissioner form intense-

ly interesting subjects for conversation. Of course, as in every gathering of men and women, all sorts of gossip runs riot.

Other signs that would be of interest to the visitor, but which have become commonplace with the clerks at the pension office, are the great stretch of file cases containing the claims for pensions of a million brave soldiers and soldiers' widows and minor children, which cover nearly the entire floor space of the court of the pension office building, and the largest American flag in the United States, which floats above them all. In no other place on earth has there ever been such a massing together of claims of soldiers for pensions, the result of a single civil war.

Men who remember the last time the remnants of the Grand Army of the Republic, old men and feeble, many of them carrying evidences in their maimed bodies of the stirring scenes through which they passed, marched up Pennsylvania avenue amid an applauding audience made of a younger generation have a peculiar feeling of veneration toward the mass of papers which have been filed since the war in the pension office to prove their claims for recognition through pensions. But this scene, a memorable one to visitors here, is now too commonplace to call forth much interest from the clerks of the pension office who wend their way to the lunch counters through this mass of documentary evidence.

Finally at 1 o'clock a gong sounds, and before its intonations have died out the 1,600 clerks of the pension office are back at their desks and at work. There are no stragglers. This precision is unknown in other departments, but at the pension office it is ever present during lunch time. The short half hour devoted to attentions to the inner man is a pleasant break always at the pension office, and pleasant probably because of the strictness observed in stopping and beginning work.

"Yours Truly."

The habits of people in signing letters are receiving some attention, and interesting conclusions are drawn from a study of the different ways writers subscribe themselves. The curt "Yours" and "Yours truly" are found not only in business letters, but in personal notes as well, for there are plenty of correspondents who don't believe in gush, and who think that "Yours truly" or "sincerely" means about all they wish to convey. Opposed to these sensible and essentially practical persons is that class of writers made up usually of young and enthusiastic individuals, as a rule of the gentle sex, who throw words about as carelessly on paper as they do in conversation. The use of the word love by such people is a distressing sign of emotional weakness, or carelessness, or of insincerity, and possibly arises from the same impulse that prompts women to kiss each other indiscriminately. One Boston girl, who is quoted by the Journal, has taken her own stand in the matter, and at the risk of being considered "cold" and "thoroughly Boston" she sticks to it. In her childhood she was taught to sign "affectionately yours" to her far-away great-aunts and second cousins, some of whom she had never seen, but all of whom she tried to like, because of the claims of kindred, and the word "affectionately" came to mean to her nothing at all except polite and necessary fiction. So she signs "affectionately" to people she is supposed to be conventionally fond of, and when she says anything more she means it. She thoroughly approves of "Cordially yours," and this, by the way, is seen more and more frequently now in notes between acquaintances who are on distinctly friendly or cordial terms. After all, "Your friend," when it can be used truthfully, is a simple and satisfactory way of ending friendly letters. Some people have the habit of not prefacing their names with any set form of words at the end of letters. They stop when they get through, and write their signatures without any frills.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

Spread of the English Language.
Mr. Gladstone lately expressed himself as believing that English is to be the language of the future. Mr. Gladstone's reasons are based on what has happened within his own lifetime. When Mr. Gladstone was born English was spoken by 30,000,000 of people. It is now spoken by 120,000,000. The number of people in the earth who speak English is doubled every forty years. This forms the basis of a very simple calculation as to when the entire population of the earth shall speak English. The two great English-speaking countries are Great Britain and the United States. Wherever Great Britain goes she carries the English language, and whoever comes to the United States learns it.

Sufficient Provocation.

Alkali Ike—Wot's the matter, podner? Why do you hang that 'ere chap?

Cactus Cal—He got his guitar out last night and begin playin' the Spanish fandango.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

More than a fair profit is realized on the articles sold at a church fair.

Boils are not considered fashionable, but they are always swell affairs.

Use only one heap- ing teaspoonful of Schilling's Best Bak- ing Powder to a quart of flour.

You must use two teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.

There is an immense garden in China—that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals.

In French trails, a mixture of ten parts of air and one part of acetylene has proven suitable for ordinary gas engines, giving three times the energy of ordinary illuminating gas.

BILLS OF FARE IN FASHIONABLE RESTAURANTS.

The question has been mooted over and over again whether the engraving of French and German dishes upon the bills of fare of the better class of American restaurants is or is not an improvement. Many pretend that before their introduction our cooking was barbaric. This is an open question, but the bill of fare presents attractions to the dyspeptic, but they, like the billboards, molars and persons with weak kidneys, can be cured by Foster's Stomach Bitters.

Shakespeare's Songs in Music.

Shakespeare's songs put in music and sung by single and collected voices was the entertainment furnished the members of the Chicago Woman's Club at Handel hall the other evening.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25¢. Sent by mail for 25¢ in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

It is said that a Scotchman planted the first thistle in Australia out of love for his native land, and now millions of that plant afflict the land.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Ten Cent Syrup" is made from sugar cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Syrup Co. All genuine "Ten Cent Syrup" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An ingenious hatter of Paris constructed a house of felt made out of 24,000 old hats. This house consisted of a parlor, dining room and bed-room; also a kitchen.

For lung and chest diseases Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The amount of liquid refreshments taken by a man of 70 years would equal 70,700 pints, and to hold this a pail 12 feet high and more than 2,500 times as large as an ordinary pail would be required.

All the land above sea level would not fill up more than one-third of the Atlantic ocean.

Established 1780.

Baker's

Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

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PURE PAINT READY MIXED

Best Reputation.
Best Paint for Dealer or Consumer.

Color Cards Sent Free.

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Good Health

Is the working capital of humanity. He who loses that is wrecked indeed. Is your health failing you, your ambition, vigor, vitality wasting away? When others fail con-

DOCTOR

RATCLIFFE.

For the speedy, safe and permanent cure of all Nervous, Chronic and Special diseases, even in their most aggravated forms. There is no man in the world who has effected so many permanent cures in both Men and Women of troubles which other physicians of acknowledged ability had given up as hopeless as this eminent specialist.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and all its attending ailments, of YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN. The worst effects of neglected or improperly treated cases, causing drains, weakness of body and brain, dizziness, falling memory, lack of energy and confidence, pains in back, joints and kidneys, and many other distressing symptoms, nothing one for study, business or enjoyment of life, or that he can cure you, no matter who or what has failed.

WEAK MEN. Heretofore lost vigor and vitality to weak men. Organs of the body which have been weakened through disease, overwork, excesses or indiscretions are restored to full power, strength and vigor through his own successful system of treatment.

VARICOCELE, hydrocele, swelling and tenderness of the scrotum, with all its consequences, SPECIAL DISEASES, inflammation, discharges, etc., which, if neglected or improperly treated, break down the system, cause kidney and bladder diseases, etc.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. Prompt and especial attention given to all their many ailments.

WRITE if you are aware of any trouble. **DO NOT DELAY.** Call on Dr. Ratcliffe today. If you cannot call, write him. His valuable book free to all sufferers. **CONSULTATION** FREE and confidential at office or by letter.

E. M. RATCLIFFE, 723 First Ave., SEATTLE, WASH.



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Direct line to Trans-Mississippi and International Express Lines in Omaha, Nebraska, June to November.
Write undersigned for rates, time tables and other information pertaining to Union Pacific R. R.

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BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

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NOTE THE NAME.

WILL & FINCK CO.'S SPRING EYE GRAIN BAC NEEDLES.....
Plain or with Cutter. The best needle in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by

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WHEAT
Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of references given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Send for our free reference book. **DOWING, HOPKINS & Co.,** Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

YOUR LIVER Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

N. P. N. U. No. 21, '98.
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

A light rain Sunday night.

The Strathecona returned from Glenora last Friday.

Mr. Sawyer was a passenger to Sitka, on the Cottage City.

Judge Clark went to Sitka on the Cottage City last Sunday.

Dr. Lapsley returned from Seattle the latter part of last week.

Mr. Rosenblum's sorrowful look of late is owing to the loss of his former partner, Mr. Fleishman.

A fine line of photographic views of objects of interest for sale by the Wrangel Drug Co. Send one to your Eastern friends.

The Cottage City came into port last Sunday with a fair passenger list and the mail. She carried a few hours and pulled out for the north.

The Rosalie, with her jolly captain, O'Brien aboard, steamed up to the Troup wharf last Sunday afternoon. She brought a large mail for this place.

Mr. Whitney, Reid & Sylvester's genteel and obliging salesman, has taken down his summer residence and moved into a neat little cottage, just north of the government buildings.

Capt. Stephens has not been seen in his accustomed haunts for more than ten days past. He is probably out on a prospecting tour and will surprise the people by reporting a rich find.

Judge and Mrs. Johnson are expected in the city this week. The Judge is coming to Fort Wrangel to see about a term of court here. Our people will certainly give them a hearty welcome.

Billy Corbell has secured a position on the Strathecona, and consequently has gone out of the contracting and building business. The company will find Billy a faithful, competent man.

The excellent wife and charming daughter of Capt. Adams completed their visit in this city, and have returned to their former home. They made many friends during their stay here, who will hope for their return.

The Tremblin House, on Second street, is the nicest finished hotel in Alaska. The rooms are all beautifully carpeted and furnished with a full suite of oak furniture, and in every respect it is perfection itself. The transient rates are fifty cents and one dollar.

Jack Collins was going down a slip at the McKinnon wharf last week, thinking of business cares and the mutability of human affairs in general, when his feet slipped from under him and he slid down into the bay. It is not often that one of Jack's jokes gives him the call.

Dr. V. McAlpin wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work as well as any one on the Pacific coast and at prices just as reasonable. No Boom Prices, but compatible with the existing conditions. Thirty Years Experience. Give him a call.

A part of the crew of the Casca, who took a sneak very early Sunday morning with one of the boats, in search of trout, were not only disappointed when they opened their lunch tin, but when they returned were still in doubt as to whether they had captured trout or humpbacked salmon.

Mrs. Ed. Barnes, Jennie and Eddy left on the Seattle last Friday for Whatcom, Wash., where they will make their future home. We regret to have them leave Fort Wrangel, where they have lived a long time and have hosts of friends, but we think they will gladly return to this city after a brief stay in the dull cities of the coast.

Mr. Rufus Sylvester, one of the best natured men in the city, was in a fighting mood last Thursday. Some one took a boat from the McKinnon wharf that belongs to him and when Roy Cole found it on the beach over by the point with a good miner's outfit in it, he concluded that the criminal courts should have a job. The parties who took the boat went to Mr. Sylvester later on and explained the matter in such a light that they got their outfit again.

The postmistress and her able assistant distributed both mails last Sunday and opened the front doors and gave everybody a chance to get his letters and papers. This is just as it should be. Where mails are so irregular and often delayed, everything in connection with the postoffice should be resolved in favor of the accommodation of the public. The law, of course, does not require the opening of the office every time a mail boat arrives in the city on Sunday, but the people do.

Carbolic Acid for Disinfecting, At Wrangel Drug Co. 25 cents per pint.

Deputy Marshal Grant went to Sitka on the Cottage City last Sunday, and will return on the same boat.

Fresh goods and a full supply of vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co., at 322 Front Street.

Judge C. H. Sundmacher's family has moved to his new residence, on the corner of Third and Colorado streets.

The Monte Cristo, Frank Murray Captain, went up the Stikine last Friday with a good cargo of freight and some passengers.

Mr. R. H. Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Galle and Duncan McKinnon and wife went to Glenora on the Strathecona last Wednesday and returned on Friday.

The Woodbine.

One of the best resorts for men in this city, is the Woodbine, on East Front street. It is a nice, quiet place, cool and comfortable and just the place for a man to spend a while reading the paper and enjoying the music. Go to the Woodbine during your leisure time.

Notice for Publication.

In the United States District Court, in and for the District of Alaska.

A. J. Barkley, William E. Bunge, Duncan Campbell, William Malone, Libellants,

vs.

S. S. "Diana," her tackle, apparel, furniture, boiler, engines and boats, Claimant.

WHEREAS, A libel has been filed in the United States District Court in and for the District of Alaska on the 22nd day of July, 1898, by A. J. Barkley, William E. Bunge, Duncan Campbell and William Malone, libellants, against the S. S. "Diana," her tackle, apparel, furniture, boiler, engines and boats, and against all persons intervening for and in their behalf and interest, in a cause on contract civil and maritime of service as seamen and mariners, alleging in substance that on and between the 19th day of April, 1898, and the 18th day of July, 1898, said libellants, at the special instance and request of the owners and master of said S. S. "Diana," served as seamen and mariners on board said S. S. "Diana," bound from the port of Seattle, Wash., to the port of Yakutat, Alaska, on a general mining trip, and conducted themselves in an orderly, faithful, honest and sober manner, and were at all times diligent in their respective duties, and were obedient to the lawful commands of the master, at an agreed compensation aggregating Eight Hundred and Twenty Three (\$823.00) Dollars, and have been discharged at the end of the voyage with the said sum due and owing said libellants, all of which said claimant has neglected and refused to pay, or any part thereof, although often demanded, and praying process against said S. S. "Diana," her tackle, apparel, furniture, boiler, engines and boats, and for reasonable and proper costs and attorney's fees, and that said S. S. "Diana" may be condemned and sold to pay said claims and wages due, with costs, charges and expenses.

Now, THEREFORE, in pursuance with the monition under the seal of the said court directed and delivered to me, I do hereby give public notice to all persons claiming the said S. S. "Diana," her tackle, apparel, furniture, boiler, engines and boats, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the United States District Court in and for the District of Alaska, to be held at Sitka, Alaska, on the 27th day of August, 1898, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, (provided that the same shall be a day of jurisdiction, otherwise on the next day of jurisdiction thereafter), then and there to interpose their claims and to make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated the 30th day of July, 1898.
J. M. SHOUP,
U. S. Marshal for Alaska.
By
W. D. GRANT, Deputy.
Clark, Ingersoll & Weymouth, Proctors for Libellants.
Date of first publication, Aug. 3, 1898.

Wellington Coal.

The Best Coal on the Pacific Coast for Steam or Household Purposes : : : :

FOR SALE

AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

OFFICE AND YARD ON THE DAVIDGE WHARF M. MANSON, Agent, for R. Dunsmuir & Sons.

City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.

CANDY.

S. STROUSE, PROP.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel.

No. 208 Front Street.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RUNS

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
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TO—
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WASHINGTON
BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 15th, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East	4:00 p. m.
For Portland	5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Olympia	7:30 a. m.
For Tacoma	5:00, 7:30 and 11:00 a. m. 4:30 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East	7:00 a. m.
From Portland	6:20 and 11:00 p. m.
From Olympia	8:20 p. m.
From Aberdeen	6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma	7:00 and 8:00 a. m. 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

*Daily except Sunday. All others daily. This card subject to change without notice through tickets to Japan and China via Northern Pacific Steamship Company. For rates, routes and other information call on or address

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8:15 a. m.	Pacific Coast Lines	6:15 p. m.

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